

HALL OF FAME

FRANK J.
ACHBERGER

MARTIN B.
ADELMAN

ROBERT J.
BAIRD

JOSEPH C.
BECHTOLD

JOSEPH A.
BIEGLER

GABRIEL J.
BRENKUS

MAXIMILIAN E.
DILLER

CLETUS F.
DIRKSEN

CORNELIUS J.
DOBMEYER

HARRY A.
ESTADT

MAXIMILIAN I.
HERBER

GEORGE J.
KRAFT

EUGENE J.
LUCKEY

DESMOND D.
MOORE

J. AMBROSE
NEWTON

THEODORE J.
RATH

ALBERT W.
SCHEIBER

PRESIDENT:

FRANCIS J.
SCHWENDEMAN

SECRETARY:

ROBERT B. KOCH

COLORS:

BLUE AND GOLD

MOTTO:

OMNIBUS OMNIA

FLOWER:

YELLOW ROSE

ANTHONY J.
SCHILLING

FRANCIS J.
SCHWENDEMAN

ALPHONSE J.
SIEFKER

NORBERT J.
STECHSCHULTE

GERARD J.
UHRICH

ANTHONY J.
WALZ

ALBERT A.
WUEST

HIGH SCHOOL

THOMAS J.
CONNOLLY

WILLIAM J.
GIBBONS

MICHAEL G.
HNAT

CHARLES M.
JESSICO

ROBERT B.
KOCH

FRANCIS H.
MATHEW

LAWRENCE J.
MATTINGLY

ORVILLE E.
OCKULY

ROBERT T.
PARTEE

19

26

NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE OF THE PHILIPPINES

FIRST PRIZE

EUGENE LUCKEY

Freedom! Freedom! The dearest treasure of man and beast! Ah! If the caged bird and ensnared animal could but speak, how eloquent would their appeal for freedom be. Behold the inmates of our prisons and penitentiaries. To all appearances they have everything one could desire. But what are all the fine libraries, sports, radios, picture shows to one who has not the liberty to enjoy them as he wills? Similarly the country which is in the power of a greater nation yearns for freedom. Freedom as seen in the eyes of the Philippines is their national independence.

Ever since the days of the great World War, the younger and educated classes of India have been striving to obtain from their overlord England their independence. England, however, does not intend to sever the bonds of India's allegiance, and with prompt and severe action she has endeavored to smother the fires of rebellion as quickly as they arose.

The course pursued by England in her treatment of India has called forth much criticism on the part of American statesmen. But we have a very old and trite proverb, though, nevertheless true, which says: "People who live in glass houses should never throw stones." The relation between India and England is identically the same as that which exists between America and the Philippines, with this one exception: independence was promised to the Philippines.

Subsequent to the Spanish American War, President McKinley expressed the intention of the U. S. to bestow freedom on the Philippines. President after president reiterated McKinley's words until finally on Aug. 29, 1916, Congress formally promised to bestow complete autonomy on the Philippines as soon as they would establish for themselves a sound, efficient and stable government. From the year 1914 to 1921, the Filipinos practically ruled themselves and today they hold forth this claim which was approved by President Wilson, that they have established such a government. Why has the United States hesitated to fulfill her promise?

The following statement made by President Coolidge explains why independence has not been granted

to the Philippines and at the same time reveals the reason why the Filipinos look upon our president in the same light as we in the time of the Revolution regarded the personages of Lord North and King George III. "The extension of larger autonomy to the Philippines," says President Coolidge, "would be unreasonable until they show a greater capacity for co-operating fully and effectively with the American government and authorities." But their failure to do so is not their incapacity for self-government—I say, is not their incapacity for self-government, but rather their repugnance to foreign rule, and the high executive of a country which flaunts her proud democracy and freedom.

"All just government is derived from the consent of the governed." The Philippines never consented to their appropriation by the United States. In the year 1898 when American forces entered the city of Manila, the entire archipelago was in the hands of the revolutionary government set up by the Filipinos against the Spanish. How, therefore, could Spain attempt to cede to the United States a country which was not her own, a country by which she had been defeated? Naturally when American forces began to take over the island, the Filipinos resisted and were defeated. Then by the proposals of President McKinley and of many prominent American citizens they were led to believe that the sovereignty of the U. S. over the Philippines would last only until the Filipinos could establish a suitable government for themselves. With this idea in mind the natives of these islands have worked hard and steadily, and today there stands forth as a monument to their hard labor an efficient, sound, and stable government.

Jealous of the progress that the Filipinos have made, northern critics assail the supposed graft which they claim is inherent in this government. In the Philippine government graft does not exist to any greater extent than it does in the administrative body of any other nation. Would we have to search very diligently to find this selfsame money-making scheme in our own government? No! We would not, for it is a well known and universally recognized

fact. Sufficient it is if we but mention the Teapot Dome scandal. Graft, moreover, is present in every form of government, be it national, state, county, or city government, and it will continue to exist as long as man is ruled by man, whether the ruled or the ruler be Filipino or American.

Notwithstanding their ability to rule themselves, if independence should be granted to the Filipinos, would this not offer an opportunity for aggression by foreign nations? To enjoy independence would be no greater risk for the Filipinos than it has been and is today for the many small European nations. Look at Switzerland, Bulgaria, Greece and a host of others that could be mentioned. Do they seem to stand in fear of losing their independence? No, they do not. Why then should the Philippines? If, moreover, some powerful nation should conceive the idea of annexing the Philippines, it is up to the Filipinos to meet this emergency, for if independence should be withheld until the Philippines are strong enough to withstand the most powerful nations, they will never be independent.

In the undeveloped country of the Philippines, America has worked great wonders, especially along the lines of education, and the Filipinos are profuse in their gratitude toward her. The grand results, however, are not due to America alone, but also to the splendid co-operation of the Filipinos who labored under the impression that they were but paving the path that led to freedom. For a quarter of a century they have labored hard and manfully and now when the goal is within their reach shall it be denied them? "All America did was done," says Manuel Quezon, the president of the Philippine senate, "in view of the theory that the Philippines would be free. We believe the day when they ought to be free has arrived."

Whether the independence of the Philippines be granted now or later the words of Sergio Osmena, a staunch Filipino patriot, will ever remain true. "Our peoples' one passion that will never cool and their one vision that will never grow dim, is their passion for and their vision of FREEDOM."

Greek knowledge is like Chicago to me—so near but yet so far.

Crawfordsville Loses, 31-18

The Crawfordsville Juniors suffered an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the St. Joe Juniors, Thursday afternoon, May the thirteenth. Our own Juniors were going in fine style and secured a total of thirty-one runs while Bruno Stroempl held the visiting Midgets to eighteen counters. A lack of support for their pitcher characterized the entire Crawfordsville team. Numerous errors were made, and that at times when tight playing was much demanded. Excellent support, however, was given the home pitcher, Stroempl, and few men secured free passes to first base. At the bat the St. Joe players seemed to be all of the Babe Ruth type. Heil secured two circuit drives and Schneider one. Besides, there was a goodly amount of triples and doubles. In the first inning all the St. Joe players scored except Geffert and Kraus; the former striking out and the latter being thrown out at first by the shortstop. Ackerman and Von der Embse, however, made up for this loss and scored twice. Thus a total of nine runs was marked up for them. Crawfordsville secured two counters in their half of the frame. In the second inning the Crawfordsville team was held scoreless while the home team added five more tallies to their number. The remainder of the innings were mostly hit and run affairs, St. Joe securing fourteen runs in the last four innings and Crawfordsville eleven. Much interest was taken in the game and a large crowd was in attendance. In their practice, the Crawfordsville team appeared to be well matched with our own Juniors, but appearances were deceiving and when they took the field in the game they proved to be weak in practically every position. St. Joe's team, on the other hand, well proved their worth.

Crawfordsville	St. Joe
Gleason.....l.f.....	Ackerman
Gradman	
W. McKeown.....r.f.....	Von der Embse
Shahan	Peck
Devitt.....2.b.....	Duray
Maloney.....3.b.....	Heil
Finman.....c.f.....	Geffert
	Makovec
J. McKeown.....1.b.....	Kraus
Kelly.....s.s.....	Schmieder
Miller.....c.....	Maloney
Schriner.....p.....	Stroempl

ST. JOE JUNIORS



Ackerman, Maloney, Duray, Geffert, Kraus, Heringhaus, Mgr., Shahan, Boone, Coach; Peck, Makovec, Schmieder, Heil, Von der Embse, Stroempl.

Oratory Contest

Eight members of the Sixth Expression Class vied with each other for the Conroy Oratory Medal on Pentecost Sunday, May 22. All the speakers had interesting topics and they furnished an ideal entertainment which consisted of a mixture of amusement and education. The competition was exceptionally keen, and the task of the judges was a very difficult one. Rev. Reed of Delphi, Rev. Kroeger of Oxford, and Rev. Rothermel of Reynolds, were the judges. They decided the contest in favor of Eugene Luckey, Francis Schwendeman, and Max Herber. For his oration, which appears elsewhere in this issue, Gene will receive a gold medal. Francis Schwendeman was awarded second prize, and Max Herber third. Each of these two students will receive five dollars in gold.

The following are the participants and their topics:

Joseph Bechtold.....The Crumbling Keystone
Cornelius Döbmeyer.....The Despotism of Intolerance
Harry Estadt.....	Federalizing Education
Max Herber.....	The American Indian
Eugene Luckey.....	National Independence of the Philippines.
Albert Scheiber.....	Our Movie Situation
Francis Schwendeman.....A Neighbor in Need
Lloyd Webber.....Science and Modern Life

Noted Singer Is Coming to St. Joe

St. Joseph's Annual Musicale will be held on Sunday evening in the auditorium at 8:15 P. M. Mr. Carl Craven, the distinguished tenor from Chicago, will be the soloist for the occasion, assisted by Miss Geraldine Roth as accompanist. Unlike the artistic performance given by the orchestra at the musicale last year, this year's entertainment will consist almost entirely of individual selections by Mr. Craven.

The orchestra will play the Overture from Il Trovatore under the direction of Professor Paul C. Tonner as the opening selection.

Mr. Craven will sing one group of famed arias from Rigoletto and other operas. The balance of the selections will include the more popular concert numbers, which Mr. Craven interprets in a remarkably faultless manner. Miss Roth, who will accompany both Mr. Craven and Mr. Bechtold, is a recent graduate from Northwestern University. Mr. Joseph C. Bechtold, a pupil of Mr. Craven, will sing a group of popular songs.

The students of St. Joe may well be assured that a musical treat of unusual quality will be extended to them on this occasion.

Tam: Sam, I hear you are leaving town. Moving nearer Chicago, I understand. What's the idea?

Sam: Well, my crystal set isn't loud enough.

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AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Although confronted by seemingly insurmountable obstacles, the staff, with more or less success, accomplished the difficult task of editing the CHEER during the final semester of the scholastic year. The staff, therefore, extends its appreciation to Father Koester, who succeeded in obtaining the approval of the faculty for this venture undertaken by the Fifth Class, and who by his continual efforts as faculty advisor of the staff, stimulated the staff so that with each issue it sought to surpass its previous efforts.

To its subscribers, the Cheer extends its sincerest thanks. When the appeal for subscribers was first made, the students responded in a very laudable manner and the present list of subscribers among the students far surpasses the mark of previous years.

Before any venture can be a success it must have sufficient financial aid to carry it through to the finish. Our advertisers willingly gave their support to this undertaking and it was mainly through their assistance that a bigger CHEER than heretofore was published. Hence we trust the merchants of Rensselaer who assisted us have benefited by their kind help.

Lastly, to each and every one who in any way was instrumental in the reorganization and support of the CHEER, the staff extends its appreciation and thanks.

W. F. '27.

A MODERN HERO.

In all periods of the world's history, there have been men famous because of their goodness, their statesmanship, their wealth or their power. Every country has had, at one time or another, a man whom it looks upon as a hero. England, during the World War had her Lloyd George; Germany, while consolidating, her Bismark; France her Napoleon; America her Washington and Lincoln. Now, in a period of national unrest, while conditions are still unsettled in consequence of the World War, there has risen in Italy a man of superb statesmanship, a wily, wary politician—Mussolini. The leader of the Fascisti, the restless, liberty-seeking party of youthful Italy, must needs be a man of resource, courage, and ability. Add to this the duties of Prime Minister to the King of Italy and he must also possess tact, endurance, and foresight.

Mussolini is a man possessed of all these qualities. His aims appear to be noble and worthy—the restoration of order and peace in Italy. Though the means he has used have not always been of the most peaceful, yet the results thus far achieved and the probable future results warrant their use. He is a serious-minded genius, well aware of the difficulties besetting him and also conscious of the purpose of his work. A man of indomitable courage and never-failing resource, may he succeed in quelling the too-ardent zeal of some of his followers and once more bring to Italy order and prosperity.

A. Z. '27.

COMMENCEMENT.

Graduation! The time to which every student looks forward with the feeling that it will be one of the happiest moments of his life. Still, when that time draws near, he realizes the loss that he will experience when his class, which like all other classes was a unit, even if it suffered eliminations and had occasions to welcome new members at times in the course of the years during which it existed, will be forced to disband.

After comparatively but a few years of study and hardship, each

VACATION.

In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of vacation, particularly if he happens to be a student. We may ask a classmate, "Jim, what's on your mind?" With a faraway look in his eyes Jim answers, "I'm thinking of where I shall be a week from now." We walk along the grove and see a pensive youth sitting at the foot of a mighty oak; we challenge him, "Jack, a penny for your thoughts!" With a sigh he comes out of his trance long enough to answer, "Just think, only five more days." During the last two months of the school year the student contracts first a severe case of baseball fever, which, as the thermometer rises, turns into spring fever. And before the student recovers from that affliction, he is pleasantly tormented with a siege of vacationitis. If, about this time of the year, professors of English would assign to their pupils a composition entitled "My Vacation Plans," they would, indeed, be surprised at the length of the articles and the variety of ideas. For who can see the immense number of day dreams revolving about in one small cranium? What we, however, started out to say was this: Though a period is set aside for rest from physical and mental labors, there is no time given as a vacation from higher duties recognized as spiritual. There is, indeed, a great temptation for students, who have been held to the grind for ten months, to throw all restraint to the winds during summer vacation. Surely, no St. Joe fellow will forget himself so far as to become remiss in the duties incumbent on him as a Christian and thus neglect his obligations to his God.

—C. I., '27.

member of the class of '26 is prepared to play the role for which he has been training himself. For one or the other of the classmates, it may mean a change of school; again, for one or the other, it may mean the shouldering of the full burdens and duties of life. But it matters little to what call of vocation or avocation the members of the graduating class of '26 may respond; one thing is certain, namely, that each of the class members will be a credit to his Alma Mater, and to his parents or guardians who have given him the opportunity to attend St. Joe.

—W. F., '27.

Bishop Noll Here for Commencement

On the afternoon of June 9th, the commencement exercises will begin, and they will extend into the morning of June 10th. At four o'clock Wednesday afternoon the band will play its last concert of the year, and it is certain that it will maintain, or perhaps even surpass, the high standard it has achieved in previous concerts.

"It Pays to Advertise" will be presented by the Columbian Literary Society in the evening at eight o'clock. This is, as the students well know, a very entertaining play. With several changes in the cast since the earlier presentation of this play, it is predicted that the high quality established by the C. L. S. in the entertainments of this and of former years, will not suffer from a second presentation of this play.

The Right Reverend John Francis Noll D. D., Bishop of Ft. Wayne, will deliver the baccalaureate address Wednesday morning. The Class of '26 may justly feel proud at having so illustrious a personage and high dignitary of the Church to perform this important office. Everyone is very well acquainted with the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and the many successes he has achieved clearly show that this year's commencement exercises will be worth while attending.

Following the baccalaureate address, the medals and diplomas will be awarded to those students who, by their efforts, have merited them.

Our Band

During the past six or eight weeks, we have occasionally been entertained by our band, which, under the able direction of Mr. Paul Toner, has gained for itself an enviable reputation. This was clearly shown by the fact that the city of Rensselaer requested its services during the Halloween celebration staged in that city last fall. From time to time the members of the band have so pleasingly entertained the student body that we feel obliged to take this opportunity to express in the name of the entire student body, sincerest thanks to those students who by their performance in the band have so charitably sacrificed their time for our entertainment.

Think before you drink—you can't afterwards.

PREPS' PROPHECY

It was noon as I stood on one of the streets of Chicago. The sun had reached its zenith and beat down mercilessly upon the pedestrians as they hurried along. Whistles blew, bells rang, trucks rattled past. The entire city showed signs of joyous activity. I was penniless and hungry, so I decided to get busy also. Seeing a good chance, I grabbed a handful of grapes from a fruit stand and hurried on my way. Before I had gone far, someone slapped me on the back. The blue uniform of a policeman was the first thing I noticed. My heart sank for I imagined what would follow. As I slowly lifted my eyes, I beheld a familiar face. William Gibbons stood before me; his countenance illumined with a broad smile. He vigorously shook my hand and jocularly asked how the grapes tasted. Assuring me that he was still a very good friend of mine, he hurried on his way.

Luck was with me. Beside the curb lay a shining object. It proved to be a large pin studded with diamonds. Unable to find the owner, I turned this piece of jewelry into cash, which to me was a dire necessity and not a mere luxury.

My first step, after falling heir to what I considered a small fortune, was to enter a lunch room where I filled out the frontal part of my anatomy. The proprietor, Thomas Connolly, greeted me in his facetious way.

That afternoon I decided to see the White Sox play the New York Yanks. The game was about to begin. All of a sudden the crowd went wild. Shouts and cheers echoed and re-echoed throughout the stands. Lawrence Mattingly, world famous pitcher, stepped into the box. Amid the excitement of witnessing so great a star a bottle dropped into my lap, which, judging from its contents, must have been carried on someone's hip. It could not have been done intentionally, for who would be willing to part with such a treasure in these days?

I was tempted to sample the richly colored fluid, but I resolved first to have it analyzed. After many inquiries, I learned that an eminent chemist had his office just one block away. As I entered the "lab" of this prominent man, whom should I meet but Robert Partee? He analyzed it;

pronounced it "Ruff on Brats" and handed the bottle back to me. All doubt as to the nature of the liquid had now vanished from my mind, and bottle and liquid vanished together.

Chicago was losing its thrill for me, so, early the next mornig, I boarded a train for New York. The skyscrapers of that city interested me. As I directed my gaze toward the Woolworth building, a window washer on the top story attracted my attention. It was no other than Robert Koch. I certainly envied his profession for he is always elevated above the commonplace and has the world at his feet.

That very evening Paderewski's only rival was giving a program. Unable to pass up so great an opportunity, I entered the theatre. I noticed something familiar about this musical artist, but it was not until he bowed to take his leave that I recognized, under the masked face and flowing locks, the countenance of Charles Jessico.

The pungent odor of smoke soon drove me out of New York and the fresh air of the country invited me. There I met Michael Hnat, prominent entomologist, specializing in the training of gnats.

Within a few days the solitude of the country oppressed me, and I again yearned for the sight of my home town. I boarded a train after paying the ticket agent my last few cents for my fare. The car was crowded. One seat only was vacant and that one beside a young man of about my own age. We both recognized each other. Francis Mathew informed me that he was selling Brother David's "Hair Tonic." Of course he asked what my station in life might be. With all the dignity of a man of my profession, I answered, "A street cleaner."

Just then the melodious sound of Brother William's bell resounded through the dormitory.

Orville Ockuly.

Mose was in the hospital, and the nurse put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature.

Soon the doctor came around and said, "Mose, have you had any nourishment yet?"

"Well, Doc, a nurse gimme a piece of glass ter suck, but I'se still powerful hungry."

FOURTHS—FOOTBALL CHAMPS



First Row: Mayrl, Reitz, Diller H., Mathew, Gibbons, Charek, Urhane, Meyer E. Second row: Magsam, Longanbach, Vogus, Hartman, (Mgr.), Jessico, (Capt.), Weiker, Siegrist, Kasper. Top row: Walters, Boeke L., Meyer W., Koch R., Connor L., Dreiling D., Hnat, Heiman.

Preps' Last Will and Testament

WE, the members of the graduating Prep class of '26 of St. Joseph's, Collegeville, Indiana, do hereby solemnly swear and affirm that, being in full possession of our super-normal faculties and unusually good common sense, and thoroughly realizing the awful responsibility which we are shifting to the shoulders of the chosen legatees, make the following disposition of all these qualities and properties which we hold most dear and valuable.

Article I. We hereby solemnly promise to remain loyal to St. Joe, and to help in every manner possible to make our Alma Mater glorious.

Article II. To our co-partners in the studyhall, the Juniors, we bequeath our desks and chairs, hoping that the aforesaid desks and chairs will remind the new users of their old occupants.

Article III. To the Sophomore class

that will move to the upper studyhall next year, we will all pencil stubs, scraps of paper, erasers, etc., which the members of the aforementioned class may chance to find.

Article IV. We hereby extend our hearty wishes to the Fifth class of '26 and '27, for a successful year in all undertakings.

Article V. To the following legatees, we freely give and bequeath the below named qualities to have and to hold as may seem fitting:

1. Thomas Connolly's love for mathematics and cards, to Albert Frericks.

2. To Robert Kramer, William Gibbons' pugilistic roles.

3. Michael Hnat's improved Southern dialect to James Maloney.

4. To Tom Corcoran, Charles Jessico's ability to be on time.

5. Robert Koch's position in the second bass section of the choir to

Edward Henrich.

6. To Clarence Weiker, Lawrence Mattingly's ability to portray Ethiopian characters on the stage.

7. Francis Mathew's fondness for sleep to Gerald Shaffer.

8. Orville Ockuly's fur catalogs to John Modrijan.

9. To Lamont Hcyng, Robert Partee's "How to Play the Uke."

We nominate and appoint Brother John as executor of this, our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have set our hands to this, our LAST WILL and Testament, at Collegeville, Indiana, this the EIGHTH day of MAY in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-six. (Signed) Senior Members of the Prep Department.

Heringhaus and Koch
Attorneys at Law.

Witnesses by Proxy.

T. F. Connoly

W. J. Gibbons

(Seal.)

Our Correspondence School

EDITORSHIP.

For him who is not perfectly at home in a swivel chair, who cannot bear the sight of a disorderly desk, who cannot withstand the effects of a good five cent cigar, or, lastly, who does not possess an insensible heart, this course is as useless as carrying coal to Newcastle. An editor must have these qualifications (call them disqualifications if you will) to the nth degree. He must possess as imperturbable a countenance as the sphinx, and he must be one of those rare creatures that are free from all worry.

If you cannot lean back in a swivel chair without experiencing a feeling of falling, and if you cannot refrain from expressing this feeling by giving a slight start, your chances of preserving your editorial dignity are almost nil.

Having a desk littered with papers, books, pencils, cigars, etc., is very necessary to convey the impression that an editor is a person whose knowledge is so well regulated that his other possessions do not cause him the slightest difficulty, though they are the opposite of pigeonholed.

The boy who experiences a feeling of nausea after smoking cornsilks or grapeleaves cannot, with any degree of immunity, smoke a cigar such as usually belong to the lot of editors. Did you have that weakness in your childhood? If you did, it is a physical and metaphysical impossibility for you to become a really successful editor.

When a pseudo-poet accosts an editor, the latter must be insensible to the poet's tale of woe, which in all probability is memorized from some book as "A Thousand Ways in Which to Annoy Editors." Of course the flood of poems, or rather verses, takes place in spring time. Most of the writers of these verses are as green as is nature about which they sing. The best and only way in which to dispose of these undesirables is to obtain an associate to halt them before they reach the office. This is an appropriate job for anyone of the more irreconcilable enemies, of which every editor has many.

If the names of the persons taking part in a theatrical performance are placed under the heading, "Lineup for Today's Game," and if the title,

"Cast of Characters," designates the players in a baseball game, the editor must not leave a little thing like that worry him, but must be able to laugh it off.

An editor, therefore, is that type of person who possesses all the qualities of Satan and several more besides. There has been, so far, no editor who could justly claim all the above fine points, so if anyone has them, or has the ability to acquire them, him we would advise to commit suicide.

—W. F., '27.

C. L. S. Entertains Oratory Class

Immediately after the Oratory Contest, on the evening of Sunday, May 23, the members of the oratory class and the entire body of the Columbian Literary Society assembled in the clubroom of the Raleigh Smoking Club and enjoyed a delightful repast prepared under the auspices of the society. As the Columbians and their guests entered the banquet hall a novel sight greeted their eyes. Streamers of blue and gold, the colors of the class of '26, decorated the room and windows, and on the wall hung the pennant of the graduating class. On a long white table placed in the middle of the room plates for forty-eight persons had been set. Several flowers added to the attractiveness of the scene, while over the whole table blue and gold confetti had been strewn. But the most novel decoration was a lamp placed in the center of the table, with twisted streamers of blue and gold draped from the lamp's shade to the table on either side. Rev. Ildephonse Rapp, the toastmaster of the evening, presided at the head of the table and with him were seated Rev. Meinrad Koester and the judges of the Oratory Contest, Revs. Reed, Kroeger, and Rothermel. At the opposite end of the table and directly facing the toastmaster sat Eugene Luckey, the winner of the contest. The Committee on Arrangements served an excellent lunch which consisted of sandwiches, fruit salad, fruit punch, ice cream, cake, coffee, and the usual smokes. The toastmaster then called upon several speakers from among those present. After several toasts had been given the affair was sadly closed lest the wee small

Exchanges

"The Notre Dame News" is published monthly by the students of Notre Dame College, Cleveland, Ohio. This publication is set up in a real journalistic manner. The number and quality of the cuts are exceptionally praiseworthy. Many feature articles concerning literature, athletics, music and various other subjects, are supplemented by news articles, so that the net result is a pleasing journalistic accomplishment.

"The Pacific Star" radiates its pleasant rays far from Mount Angel College, St. Benedict, Oregon. Such is really the case, since a large number of college publications receive this esteemed Oregon paper in their various exchange departments. The jokes published are of the "sure-fire" type, and certainly hit the mark. All in all, it is a "newsy" college newspaper.

One of the features of the graduation exercises at Columbia College, Dubuque, Iowa, will be the baccalaureate address to be delivered by a former President of Columbia, the Most Rev. Edward D. Howard, recently named Archbishop of Oregon City.

"The Senior Issue" of the "Wendeleite" of St. Wendelin's High School, Fostoria, Ohio, is an excellent edition. This admirable number is dedicated to the mothers of the students. It possesses some of the features of a year-book, such as the pictures of the various classes and athletic teams, also the class history, class prophecy, and the chronicle for the past scholastic year.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: "The Antonian, The Bay Leaf, Blue and Gold, Campionette, The Cee-Ay., The Centric, The De Paulia, H. C. C. Journal, Hour Glass, Look-A-Head, Mother Seton Journal, Notre Dame News, Pacific Star, Purple and White, The Rambler, Varsity News, The Wendeleite, and The Wag."

Biegler: Joe, how do you spell "saloon"?

Green: One hess, han hey, one hell, two hoes and ha hen.

Did Paris hold the first beauty contest, and was Helen the first bigamist?

hours of the morning should see the sight of so much revelry.

SIC VOLVERE PARCAS

EDITORS' NOTE:—Due to number of students in the sixth class the prophecy and will were divided.

While preparing her morning broth, the wizard witch of Macbeth predicted that Gabriel Brenkus would, in the near future, play first base for the "Cubs." This prophecy, however, I have found to be false. After reading Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," I divine with unreliable certainty that four score years from now "Gab" will be pastor of a large parish in India. He will, moreover, be the chief editor of the "Kathrinika" mission magazine. In every issue the reader may find a few pictures, snapped and printed by Gabriel himself. To be loyal to his byword, "You cannot stop," his spare time will be taken up by cultivating the parish garden, his favorite sport.

Last week I went to see the Schutzkin Gosneezin Circus. One clown in particular was the center of my attention. Attracted by his antics I didn't watch any other person except him. He looked like one of the characters of "Aesop's Fables" come to life. He was so double-jointed and fidgety that anyone would think that the only connection among his limbs was his imagination. After the performance, I chanced to mosey around to seek the freak and found out that he was my old college friend, George Kraft.

"Well boys," said the saloon-keeper in a voice that was six feet below the lowest C on the chromatic scale, "What can I do for you?" "Well," said my friend, Pat Mulligan, as he stretched his head over the counter to take in the full circumference of the saloon-keeper's balloon front, "I'd like to have some of the best soft drinks you have in the place if you have any that are palatable." Who is Pat speaking to? He is our old friend and playmate, Max Herber, more commonly known as "Botch." Yes, after prohibition got the upper-hand, "Botch" got a job in a soft drink shop and has been anchored there ever since.

"Is that the king of Spain?" "Why no, that is Archbishop Walz, the illustrious Archbishop of Defiance, Ohio. Back in the twenties when he was a student of St. Joe, his greatest delight was to go down town merely for the sake of watching the trains scuffle about the tracks.

His fellow students thought that he would turn out to be either an engineer or a baggage smasher. Well, the long and short of it is, that he turned out to be an archbishop. Probably the only reason why he accepted the job is due to the fact that he loves the amount of traveling connected with this position.

From the seminary to the Catholic University of America, and from there back to the seminary; this time, however, as professor of philosophy and of music, acting at the same time as pastor of a parish in the city of Osgood; such is the career "in toto" of the noted Rev. Cletus Dirksen, C. PP. S., until the date—1940. What is still in store for him remains to be seen. While

audience is as silent as the desert night. The only disturbance is caused by a few muffled sobs, while silent tears wend their halting way down the cheeks of the enchanted listeners. The soft melody becomes louder and louder until it bursts forth into the thunderous roar of a mighty hurricane. Children begin to cry; women begin to scream in fright. Professor Joseph Biegler arises from his place at the roaring piano and bows to the audience for he has finished his masterpiece.

Mike, "Do you see that monastery on the summit of yonder mountain?"

Ike, "Yes, what of it?"

Mike, "Well that is the famous Cistercian monastery that you have



at the rectory in Osgood, he entertains the little children of the parish by playing with a master bow on his violincello, and singing in his beautiful first bass voice.

The Department of Press and Publicity of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has been benefited recently by adding to its staff the Rev. Max Diller. His presence had become almost imperative in order to take care of the radio section of that department. It is now his duty to receive and broadcast news of interest to all Catholics. Father Max, as the foremost student of the radio in this country, will most probably be rewarded in the near future for his services to the country.

There, seated at the piano, the artist sways back and forth as his dexterous fingers speed lightly up and down the ivories. Now a soft, melodious strain floats out as if carried on a breath of air. The

heard the people speaking about so frequently. The abbot of the monastery is Ambrose Newton. He is known far and wide for his piety. When the abbot was still in his college days, it was predicted that he would some day be the director of a jazz orchestra or a dancing school, but this is where he ended."

Pedro, "Isn't nature wonderful? Here is Albert Wuest who everybody thought would rival Lavoisier and the rest of the great chemists. While "Pop" was still a youngster in his college course, he could make hair-thrilling concoctions, and he knew the whole chemistry book by heart."

Cedro, "What is he now?"

Pedro, "Why, he is professor of Greek at the University of Athens. "Pop" forgot all about chemistry and fell in love with the pet language of the gods of Olympus. The books that he has written in that tongue are fast filling the Grecian libraries.

Once upon a time people did tell of a certain Luther Burbank, known more extensively as "The Plant Wizard." Well, it is a good thing that old Luther kicked the bucket when he did. If he had lived up to the present his name would have reached his garden gate and no farther. What I mean to say is, that the famous Martin Adelman knows more about plants and trees than Luther ever wanted to know. His latest achievement is growing potatoes on apple trees. The world is waiting in astonishment for his next wonder.

Back in the good old days at St. Joe, there was one among us whose name was Gene Luckey, or rather "Horse." He had quite an arm for pitching and a "cruel mit" for catching. When the opposing team got up to bat, a person might think that they were a bunch of union laborers, judging by the way they would strike. "Horse" is back at St. Joe. He is still catching and does quite a bit of pitching for pastime, but not for baseball. Now he holds the position as Rev. Prefect, who catches the "kids" smoking and pitches the penances to them.

In our midst we find a most cosmopolitan chap who has more jerks and jobs than any Jack-of-all-trades will ever have. Some have predicted that Robert Baird will some day swing his baton in the Chicago theatre directing one of the most brilliant orchestras in God's creation. Between acts he will play the leading character of the play entitled "The Student Prince." Being, however, rather anxious for Bobby's welfare, we solicited the fates for the veracity of this prognostication. "Sic volvere parcas"; the fates have decreed that after graduating with a "summa" from the "Old Erin" school of pantomimic, evolutionistic, idiosyncratic expression, Baird will return to the "Emerald Isle." There he will be given charge of one of the richest parishes. His parishoners will be the most temperate and peaceful Irishmen in "esse." How's that? By golly, what can you expect of a lockjawed housekeeper, a step-and-a-half flaxen haired server, a dummy and a blindy. If ever Saint Patrick's "Shamrocks" should get in trouble while Baird is in Ireland, Bobby will blow his magic flute as a signal for the sea nymphs to resurrect all those whom Cromwell has cast into the sea, and Ireland will never again be in need of

soldiers to defend its shores.

Concerning the future of Theodore Rath, the spry and handsome youth, the fates were sorely perplexed. They serupulously leafed through their huge volumes, scratched their heads to baldness, and after many futile attempts gave up in despair. Overwhelmed with grief at the thought that such a youth should baffle them in knowledge they wept bitterly. But, oh! A tear of the youngest fate fell upon the sacred page and immediately shaped into a flying rooster. "Eureka! Eureka!" she shouted. "The chickens have designs on him!" The "sacred chickens" were then carefully observed and the future of this enigmatical lad was sharply focused.

In the year 1940 Theodore will be found traversing this great country as a missionary, successfully continuing the work of his illustrious uncle of fond memory. His fame as an orator will resound far and wide, and his presence will be demanded at all great solemnities. Even the great Toledo Insane Asylum will proudly claim him as an inhabitant, for Theodore, in the year 1953, will serve as chaplain or as spiritual advisor of all its inmates. There having accumulated a considerable knowledge of Greek during leisure hours, he will end his days as Professor of Greek at St. Joe.

SPECIAL RULES FOR GUESTS:

1. Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb-waiter.
2. Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-rising flour for supper.
3. The hotel is supported by a beautiful cemetery; hearses to hire, 25 cents a day.
4. Guests wishing to do a little driving will find a hammer and nails in the closet.
5. If the room gets too warm, open the window and see the fire escape.
6. If you're fond of athletics and like jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.
7. If the lamp goes out, take a feather out of the pillow; that is light enough for any room.
8. Anyone troubled with nightmares will find a halter on the bedpost.
9. Do not worry about paying your bills; the house is supported by the foundation.

—J. Wise, Prop.

Getters--Go and Goat

Although these two small words have a very similar pronunciation—they're about as relative, one to the other, as a South African Bushman is to an Irish potato. The first of the two is as pleasing to me as a piece of my mother's pastry; God bless him—or her as the case may be—to whom the word is applied. The latter, the bane of everyone's existence who know him,—should be exiled on a lone island four hundred and fifty-three miles off the coast of Indoo-Palooka, wherever that is, and tied on tin cans and rubber tires for about twenty-seven years, or at least till he gets over his goat-getting tendencies and develops sense enough to mingle with civilized people without pulling a "wise crack" every few minutes and getting everybody as "sore" as Napoleon was the day after the Waterloo tussle, in which he got all "mussed up."

I must admit, however, that there are exceptions to every rule. We occasionally meet up with a "gold-cinged" Go-Getter whom it would be a peculiar delight to choke to death. Also we do at times fall in with a Goat-Getter who, while he does get our Billy pawing the ground, is so comical withal that we just can't get any angrier at him than to heap a few choice oaths upon his head or, mayhap, stick him in the liver with a hat pin.

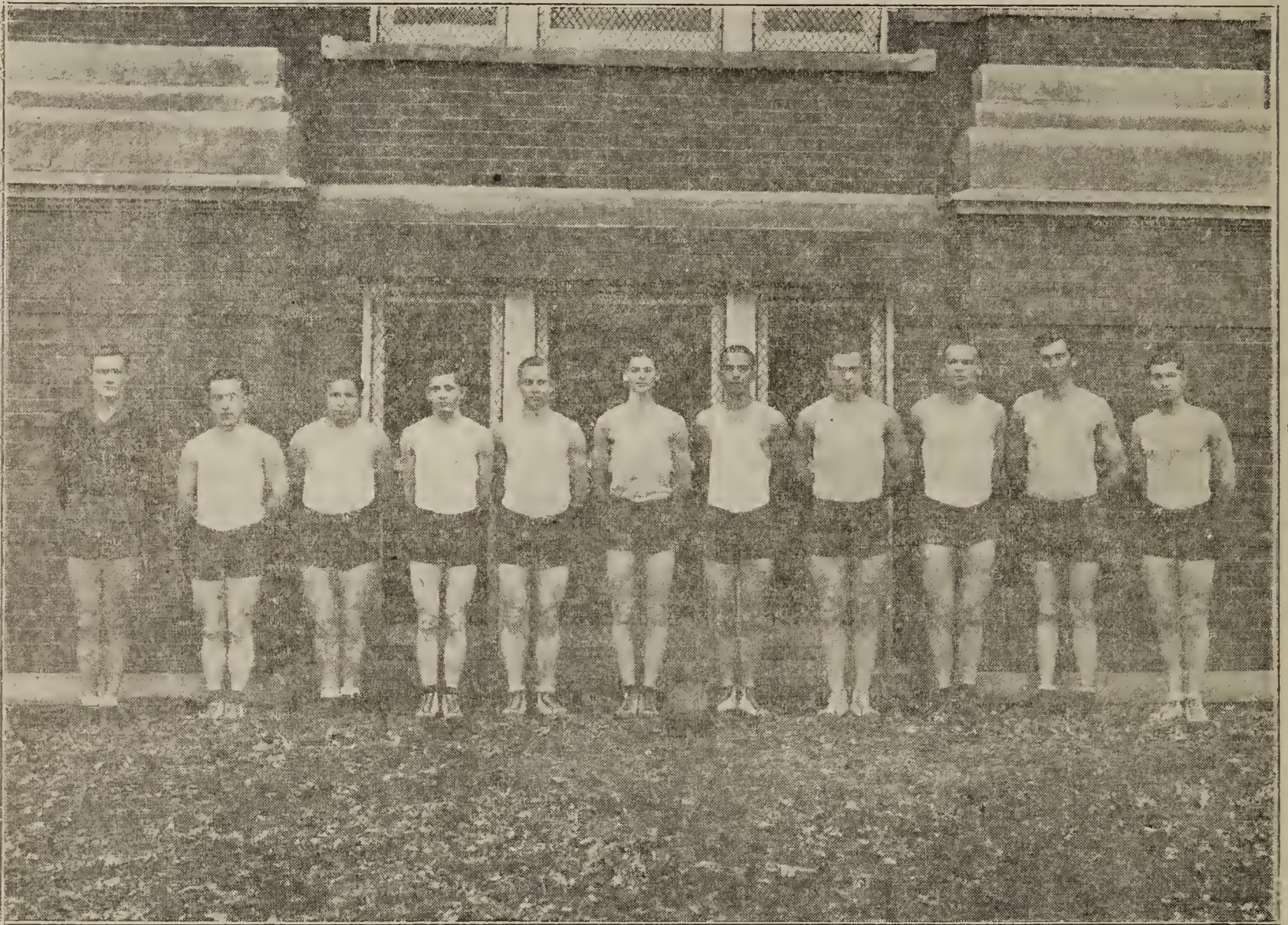
Speaking of Go-Getters, the fastest one of those "ani-mules" I ever knew was a little Italian boy, named Tony. Honest, folks, that bird was the go-gettingest go-getter that ever go-getted. When he was determined to get something he was as easy to stop as Coxe's army. To say that he didn't achieve his aim would be to tell one of those things that Major Hoople is noted for. Say, if that kid was a salesman, I'd be willing to bet that he could make a quick fortune selling ice water to the Eskimaux. He was possessed of a so-called magnetic personality, and he could, by playing upon your emotions, work you to a pitch where you felt that if you refused him a favor you were committing a crime worse than first degree murder, arson, and bigamy combined. Yep, Tony had all the qualifications of an A No. 1 Go-Getter.

Goat-Getters are different propositions entirely. There are numerous

(Continued on page 18)



UNDEFEATED BASKETEERS



Boone, (Coach), Hans, Gerlach, Uecker, (Capt.), Neiset, Galliger, Foltz C., Beckman, Westendorf, Neidert, Issenmann, (Mgr.).

Hoboes a la 1926

Webster's New International informs us that a hobo is a "professional tramp; one who spends his time traveling from place to place, especially by stealing rides on trains and begging for a living." Ten or fifteen years ago, this definition would have filled the bill to perfection, but today, it seems somewhat antiquated. The modern hobo has gained a step or two on his contemporaries.

Of course, he is the same old wanderer and is up to his time-old trick of begging for food and of avoiding work in general. The essential difference, however, lies in his mode of travel. He is more aristocratic. No more tortuous hours spent in plodding along a dusty road for him. No more of his exasperating delay in the railroad freight yards waiting for his "train" to pull out. No, indeed; not when ten dollars will purchase a Henry made product

that will take him wherever four wheels have found their way before, and that will start and stop at his will; not when John D. gives him gas for 20c per gallon; not when the state or county furnishes wide paved highways, and thoughtful cities provide ideal camping sites.

But there is still another difference. Where formerly we found the "son of the winding road" shifting about by himself or with one or two of his fellow drifters, we now find an entire family. It is this fact especially that is disgusting to the genuine hobo of the old school. He hates to see women and kids enjoying his heretofore undisputed domain. Still, he is no better than the rest of us and will have to take things as they come. Women, nowadays, are doing everything else that a man does, so why try to prevent them from being hoboes?

In the western states, statistics

prove that these new Lizzie families are on the increase. There the food is cheap, fuel is plentiful, and the climate is kind. One would hardly blame a man for deserting his home and taking to the open country with such conditions prevailing. A typical auto gypsy arrested near Tacoma recently has forwarded a sound argument for his side of the question.

"If I live in town," he said, "I have to pay rent—\$30; maybe \$40. I have to buy coal and pay light bills and carfare.....I can keep a car for less than it costs to pay rent and buy coal. In the city, my wife and children have to be cooped up in a dirty flat. Everywhere you turn it costs money. And what do we have? A home? No, we merely rent. Now we have a car, go when we please, and where we please. All we need to pay for is gas."

Last Will and Testament of Class of '26

We, the Senior Class of 1926 of St. Joe, of the State of Indiana, County of Jasper, Village of Collegeville, being sound of mind and free of will, do hereby make and declare this our last will and testament:

Item: To the Class of '27 we bequeath our fighting spirit, our well-oiled machinery, and our mottos, "Never say die" and "Never do today what can be done tomorrow."

Item: Joseph Becntoid bequeaths to William Friemoth his vocal abilities; his monopoly of the mail to "Squire" Gallagher; and his senatorial toga to Fred Westendorf.

Item: To Herman Reineck, Anthony Schilling bequeaths his knowledge of Greek and of high finance; to Stanislaus Kasper, his rank as chief bash-slinger; and to Raymond Thieman, his proficiency in tennis.

Item: John Brenner receives from Harry Estadt his splendid physique and comeliness; Paul Russell receives his stock in the candy corporation; and Blase Brown receives his rank as hand-shaker.

Item: To William Stecker, Albert Scheiber gives his loquacious disposition; to Charles Flahie, his ability at bridge; and his knowledge of radio engineering to Brother Henry.

Item: Francis Schwendeman bequeaths to Fred Westendorf his dramatic instinct; to Paul Galliger, his proficiency in "apologetics"; and to Eugene Wuest, his level-mindedness.

Item: As inheritance, Cornelius Dobbmeyer leaves to Paul Russell his straight-edge razor; to Julius Fecher, his formidable array of fleet ponies; and the laurels said ponies have won to the Department of Paleontology at the Field Museum.

Item: To Gregory Gobel, Alphonse Siefker bequeaths his old Saturday Evening Posts; to Frank Denka, his work-dodging ability; and to "Bozo" Kane, his activity in sporting circles.

Item: Frank Achberger bequeaths to Eugene Wuest his skill as basketball referee; to Matthew Amato, his rule-abiding tendency; and to Walter Boone his crown as king of the "Big

Ten."

Item: Desmond Moore gives to Thomas Coleman his journalistic attributes and to Martin Kenney, his pitching skill. Moreover, to Kenneth Hans, his hobby of mounting photographs.

Item: To Lloyd Webber, Gerard Uhrich bequeaths his innate quality of giving a violinistic anesthetic to St. Joseph's rat colony; to Clarence Issenman, his fouling ability on the hard wood; and to Cletus Gates, his proverbial bag of tricks.

Item: To the Collegeville Quack, Norbert Stechschulte transmits his vast erudition in Latin and Greek; to the Smithsonian Institute, his many wise cracks; likewise to Mark Kelly, his old sport sheets.

We hereby designate and appoint James McIntyre as our executor without bond, and to him do we intrust the bequests for distribution to the assignees and to their heirs forever.

Whereunto we have set our hands and seal this 5th. day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1926, and of St. Joe the 34th.

Attest:

Class of '26.

Siefker and Uhrich,

Attorneys at Law.

Witnesses:

C. J. Dobbmeyer,

Frank J. Achberger,

F. J. Schwendeman. (Seal).

Chicago of the Eucharist

O happy is Chicago! O privileged is the United States! O thrice blessed is our present generation. Christ, the Eucharistic King is soon to visit us in solemn jubilation. Without the least shade of doubt, we may affirm that America of today has not seen so great a spectacle, and the America of tomorrow may grow old in expectation of a like privilege. Certainly the young Church of America has every reason to rejoice that so early in her career she may wear the crown of crowns; the laurel wreath envied by so many, and yet worn by so few. Yes, her cardinal daughter, Chicago, is to wear the crown of the XXVIII

International Eucharistic Congress. O spectacle sublime! O condescension divine! That our King of the Holy Eucharist should deign to choose as His royal emporium the municipal city which today is reputed to be the most wicked city in the United States, if not in the whole world. But Jesus has His purpose in thus choosing His wayward Chicago to be the public center of so much grace and jubilation. Chicago is so situated that we may compare her to a beehive. In the hive resides the queen; in the hive it is that plans are made, that orders are given, that the precious booty is stored up to be used later as a means of sustenance. Thus it is with the municipal center. Chicago is the beehive, Jesus its King, Mary its Queen. In Chicago it is that the grand offices and ceremonies of the Congress will be carried out with regal solemnity; in Chicago it is that millions upon millions of Catholics and non-Catholics from all over the world will assemble to do public honor to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; from Chicago it is that the message of the Prisoner of Love will go forth with the four winds to the utmost bounds of the earth—the message of true peace and happiness. From the four corners of the earth will return to the Eucharistic Palace the sweet honey of millions of hearts bidding Jesus to extend His mighty hands in world benediction.

In accordance with Cardinal Mundelein's promise to the Holy Father more than a year ago, one million communions will storm heaven on June 20 for the intention of the Holy See. This promise assured a "spiritual bouquet" of one million Communions to be offered by the Congressists. But may we not hope that not only one million but that millions upon millions of Holy Communions will be offered by the Catholics of every clime on Sunday, June 20, for the same intention. In view, then, of all the great features attending the XXVIII International Eucharistic Congress, we may justly hope that "Chicago of the Eucharist" will stand to future generations a lighthouse of Peace, a station powerful in broadcasting the message of our Eucharistic King.

W. N. '27.

Astronomers have calculated that the world will come to an end at 4:36 P. M. Wonder if analytics will do that for us?

BITS OF BIOGRAPHY

FRANK J. ACHBERGER

"King"

While, alphabetically arranged, Frank Achberger's name heads the roster of our class, this is by no means the only title by which he attains to such distinction. In the past six years during which Frank has pursued his studies at St. Joe, he has gained the enviable reputation of being a real go-getter. There is no task, large or small, that the Middletown boy is afraid to tackle, and few, indeed, that he does not succeed in accomplishing. As an athlete Frank has proved himself to be a bulwark of defense and a dangerous aggressor in his four years of Varsity activities. On the stage, too, he has won considerable success while his record in the classroom will speak for itself.

MARTIN B. ADELMAN

"Porky"

If it were not for Martin Adelman, the orchard "boss," and his willing helpers, we would not have enjoyed all those delicious apples we ate during the winter months. Light dawned first on Martin in the little town of Norwalk, Ohio. Working successfully at his job in the orchard, trimming and scraping the trees, so in his studies he has been repairing the weak points till he made grades that anyone could be proud of. Slow, steady, but sure, he has made his way, and we hope that the same steadiness will carry him to the priesthood.

ROBERT J. BAIRD

"Bob"

One of Ireland's staunchest patriots, we find in the person of Robert Baird. With such a fair start as having been born in Cleveland, Ohio, "Bob's" personality and ability are resplendent everywhere. During the past year, he held the office of President of the Dwenger Mission Unit; also he will leave a prominent place in the band and orchestra vacant when he leaves St. Joe. The condition of the lawn and flower beds are due to "Bob," the straw-boss. Although St. Joe loses one of its rich and firm characters, we, the remaining students, with a sincere heart, wish you well "Bob" in the life that is opening for you.

JOSEPH C. BECHTOLD

"Senator"

From a report recently issued by the Erie Chamber of Commerce concerning that city's rapid rise in the world, we have come to the conclusion that Erie is "some burg." But, through some error, the writer forgot to mention that there also was the home of our "Senator", Joseph Bechtold. Well, they are the losers. "Joe," you know, came to our venerable institution back in 1922 after having spent many months with the A. E. F. helping to talk the Kaiser out of his proposed Parisian dinner. As in the army, so among his college friends, "Joe" was always an outstanding character, and his genial personality and willingness to work endeared him to the hearts of professors and fellow students alike. Besides being a scholar, "Senator" is also a man of authority in Wall Street affairs and has written several articles for the Wall Street Journal. As a business man, "Joe" has enough correspondence to warrant his hiring a private secretary.

JOSEPH A. BIEGLER

"Seppel"

"Work, work, work, till your brain begins to swim," seems to have been the motto of Joseph Biegler, a native of far distant South Dakota. Of all "pluggers" his like, I am sure, was rarely seen at St. Joe. This is the reason for the high grades he has made. Not only a worker in his studies, but in the fields and at any job; it is hard to find his equal. The games of basketball and baseball that were won by the Sixth Year, were in a great measure due to his ability as a player. Well, Joe, we hope that the past success will likewise crown all your future endeavors.

GABRIEL J. BRENKUS

"Gab"

Among the arrivals who came to St. Joe on July 27, 1925, there was one, who for the ensuing year was to act as a mirror to reflect life at the old place. This individual is our noted photographer, a Hoosier, Gabriel Brenkus. Not only is he famous as a photographer, for his presence in the band and on the baseball team possesses merits all its own.

"All good things come in small

packages." Gabriel, though small in stature, is a rich packet of common sense. May your life in the future be as it was in the past, a success.

MAXIMILIAN E. DILLER

"Max"

One of those rich little towns that are found in Mercer county, namely, St. Anthony, is the home of Max Diller. The wealth, however, of these rich farmer lads has not spoiled Max a bit. He was a very good worker in the class room and on the farm. Due to his knowledge of electricity, however, he was made assistant electrician to Bro. Henry. The orchestra claims Max as a bass fiddler. Max is a man of very few words but has an ever ready smile. His good nature will be appreciated wherever he goes.

CLETUS F. DIRKSEN

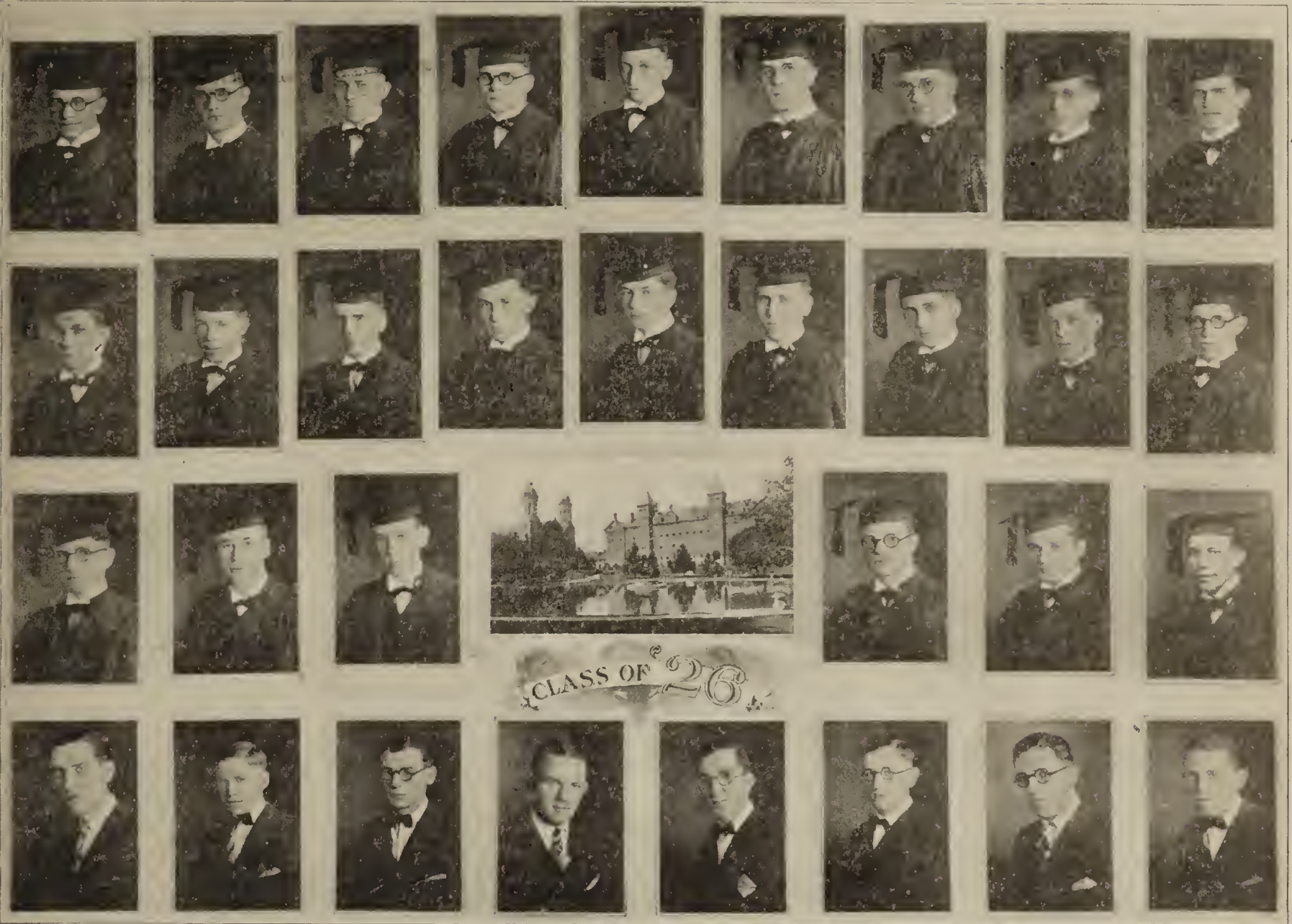
"Clete"

Cletus Dirksen, the orchestra's stellar cello player, is a native of Osgood, near Egypt,—Ohio. If a fire were to break out, Cletus would be a fine man to have about, for he is partly phlegmatic, but has enough spirit to keep this quality from getting dangerous. Good as a farm hand, he is good in his classes. But as a first bass singer in the choir and as a cello player in the orchestra, he is hard to beat. After a year spent at St. Joe, Cletus will return to St. Charles; there he will fill the place in the orchestra which his brother has left vacant.

CORNELIUS J. DOBMEYER

"Doby"

If, ever before, we had doubts as to whether a big man could come from a small town, Cornelius Doby has completely dispelled them. Miller City, Ohio, is not a metropolis. "Doby" is not a hayseed. Six years ago, "Cornie" entered St. Joe and from that eventful day to this, the eve of his graduation, he has been the same quiet and unassuming chap. "Doby" might be termed one of the "silent partners" of St. Joe, for when he does something above the ordinary,—something that many of us would crow about for a week—"Doby" simply forgets about it and keeps himself busy with other work. Having for two years held the office of stage manager for the Columbian Literary Society, he delights in rustling the stage scenery. He has also served as secretary of the same society during the first school term



Top row: Siefker, Diller M., Newton, Wuest A., Kraft, Herber, Adelman, Urich G., Baird. Second row: Moore, Rath, Brenkus, Schilling, Walz A., Stechschulte, Estadt, Dobmeyer, Biegler. Third row: Dirksen, Bechtold, Schwendeman, Scheiber, Achberger, Luckey. Bottom row: Koch R., Jessico, Connolly, Partee, Hnat, Mattingly, Mathew, Gibbons.

of 1926, and as president during the second term.

HARRY A. ESTADT
"Spigs"

Caldwell, a sunny habitation situated in the beautiful hills of southern Ohio, is the birthplace of our distinguished classmate, Harry Estadt. Harry, our "little Alexander," (he conquers them all with his winning smile) tugged his grip up the steps of the famous south entrance in 1922. His mind was made up to put every ounce of pep into his work, evidently believing in the words of the sage, "Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you." In the realm of oratory, "Spigs" is second to none; he always produces forceful arguments, and he has the knack of driving them home. On the stage, Harry has given his many audiences some real entertainment, sometimes portraying the dashing, romantic hero, other times the latest word in

"flapperism," or the sweetly disposed heroine. Besides being manager of the various athletic activities of his class, a member of the famous Collegeville Candy Trust, Harry also was president of the C. L. S.

MAXIMILIAN I. HERBER
"Botch"

An opportune moment would now present itself to us to use our invective against Max Herber if he had been a hard task-master, but our "boss" was very reasonable to us, so we have only roses without the thorns. "Botch," as he is familiarly termed, was "boss" of the wood "gang" and also of those who cut up potatoes. In the play, "Peaceful Valley," "Botch" played the role of the landlord and he lived the part to perfection. Did you ever hear a fine, deep, bass voice? Well, that is the kind he has, and it explains why he sings second bass in the choir. A kind, more genial person than Max will be hard to find. No

doubt next year he will revive the friendships already made at St. Charles.

GEORGE J. KRAFT
"Yutz"

When you speak of linguists, please do not forget to remember one of New York's sons at St. Joe, namely, George Kraft. "Greek and Latin is just like eating pie," so says George. To his companions, George has always been a problem. For some time they have been endeavoring to find out whether George was "straw-boss" or "boss in the orchard." Whichever is the case, George has many qualities that may be envied by any "boss." Your record, George, shows that you have made a success of the past six years. May that success repeat itself in the years that are before you.

EUGENE J. LUCKEY
"Horse"

Among the most amiable fellows

on the premises is Gene Luckey, well known as "Horse." He is a genuine sport and gets along well with anyone—except a wicked batter at the plate, an opponent on the stage, or one who "gets a bug up." Mentally he is well equipped but is rather reticent in admitting it. By his good will and smile, we hope that "Horse" will take his classmates in the wagon of study down the rough road to success. Gene will make good wherever he goes.

DESMOND D. MOORE

"Des"

When we mention Desmond Moore, we naturally think of a dashing left end, who could tear up more ground than a "Fordson," and also of a winning southpaw with an everlasting grim fighting spirit. Since his arrival at St. Joe, back in 1924, "Des" has won a host of friends and admirers just as he has won many games on the gridiron and diamond. But in the classroom, likewise, "Des" is a real go-getter, and behind the footlights the Irishman has deceived many of the fairer sex. In his quiet, unassuming disposition, his everpresent smile, and above all, with his bottomless heart, "Des" is the pride of Shelby, Ohio.

J. AMBROSE NEWTON

"Ham"

Far to the south of St. Joe lies the little town of Montgomery, noted for its representative at St. Joe, namely, Ambrose Newton. Ambrose has one of the few dignified names on the place. Though we do hear "Ham" and "Amley" once in a while, generally it is, Ambrose. In his capacity as an athlete, he plays forward for the Sixth Year in basketball, and second base on the baseball team. As a shrewd and clever thinker, Ambrose shines in the classroom, and we are certain that this quality will make him shine in the class rooms of St. Charles Seminary next year.

THEODORE J. RATH

"Red"

Who does not know that red-headed Illinoisian of the Sixth Year? As a musician we find "Teddy" Rath an efficient performer on the mouth organ. But this is not the only sphere where his efficiency shines. "Teddy" was the Sixths' star forward in basketball, and held down admirably shortstop in the sport of baseball. Slow but sure "Ted" has been plodding away, and his gain is en-



viable. One admirable quality of "Ted" is his pluck. May your constant smile and your courage, bring you to that goal for which you are striving.

ALBERT W. SCHEIBER

"Al"

The popular expression that originated during the late war,—“You know me, Al,” might well be changed to “Everybody knows Al,” in reference to our pal from Tiffin, Ohio. “Al” has a pleasing mannerism all his own that is irresistible and that accounts for his many friends. Barnyard golf is his favorite pastime and to say that he is proficient at the game is putting the case rather mildly. Some day we expect to see him fondling a state or national trophy. “Al” has also made a deep impression upon those manyfortunates who have witnessed his efforts on the stage. In the classroom, on the diamond, on the court, and in fact, everywhere, smiling “Al” always carries off high honors.

ANTHONY J. SCHILLING

"Tony"

Some fellows are born successes, some with little exertion, manage to succeed, some are forced to succeed by the efforts of others; but by far the most of us have to plod and plug and sweat and stumble, before we gain the summit of this dreary road of life. Anthony Schilling is a real plugger, and although he may not grasp an idea as quickly as the brightest, he does not give up until he has the idea well fixed in his mind. The words, “quit” and “give up” are utter strangers to “Tony’s” vocabulary. His work behind the footlights was of a treacherous and unscrupulous nature, but this is no discredit, as “Tony” makes an A-1 villain. He is also a member of the Candy Trust, an expert at tennis, a hard playing forward at

basketball, and a reliable halfback on the gridiron. Lowell, Ohio, is indeed fortunate in possessing such a son.

FRANCIS J. SCHWENDEMAN

"Swindy"

“Swindy’s” name covers quite a bit of space when written out in full,—Francis Joseph Schwendeman, but it is not near so wide as his complacent smile, nor is it long enough to measure the depth of his big heart. Probably the soothing atmosphere and scenic location of his home town, Marietta, Ohio, have given him his pleasant disposition. “Frans” joined the class in the fall of 1923, and his ability to speak, his large store of initiative, and his superabundance of pep greatly aided him in becoming a leader in his class. Always first, or among the first in high averages, our classmate bids fair to receive higher honors on June 10th. than have been awarded during the past three or four years. As president of the graduating class of '26, “Swindy” has also demonstrated his ability as a shrewd business man, and we feel certain that those who deal with him in later life will be pleased with his brisk business-like manner.

ALPHONSE J. SIEFKER

"Al"

Back of those twinkling blue eyes of Alphonse Siefker lies a knowledge and understanding of the things of this world that is not found in many a fellow of his age. “Al” also is a quiet lad, hailing from Kalida, Ohio, and takes things as they come. While he does not care a great deal for athletics, nevertheless he is “Johnny on the spot” when his classmates need his services. He was greatly responsible for his team’s success in football and basketball. More than once the opposing quarterback found out to his sorrow that,

with "Al" playing right tackle, he might as well direct his attack against a two-foot concrete wall. "Al's" most pleasant hours are spent in reading books, and, while the other students are romping at sports, one can generally find him in some quiet nook seeking out the choice thoughts of old authors. Notwithstanding the fact that "Al" is carrying a load of ten subjects this year, he is right up among the best in his class.

NORBERT J. STECHSCHULTE
"Steck"

With the opening of the fall term in 1925, St. Mary's College, Kansas, suffered a loss and St. Joe made a big gain, when Norbert Stechschulte of Leipsic, Ohio, deigned to enter its hallowed halls. "Steck" is a type of fellow who has had plenty of experience in standing on his own two feet and who knows how to understand his fellow students. He won his way to the hearts of the fellows right off, and he will always remain to them the same old "Steck." "Norb" was a big wheel in the senior's football and basketball machines and is now pulling down flies in the center garden in big-league style. As a good looking fellow, one has only to glance over the class group to be assured that the Leipsic boy carries off the bouquets.

GERARD J. UHRICH
"Jerry"

Nowadays we hear a good deal about fellows who are entering high school and college, two, three, and four years ahead of their original classes, and justly so, for it takes a more than ordinary lad to meet really trying situations. It is in this respect that we have to hand the laurels to our youngest classmate, Gerard Uhrich, eighteen years of age. "Jerry" is a regular wizard at Latin and Greek and also gets along in fine style in his other branches. His dry humor would make King Tut's mummy hold its sides, while the strains from his violin would bring the most hardened criminal to tears. "Jerry" also excels on the tennis court, there being very few knights of the racquet who are able to return his baffling serves. As an actor, "Jerry" has shown 'em that Ottoville, too, can produce stars of Broadway fame.

ANTHONY J. WALZ
"Tony"

In the person of Anthony Walz,

we find one of the most popular students at St. Joe. Defiance, Ohio, gave her worthy son to St. Joe for just one year, but it is sure that St. Joe wishes it were three. "Hello Tony!" "Hy Tony!" Thus he is accosted by every person on the place. To him, everyone is worth a kindly smile and a word of encouragement. "Tony" occupied an important place in the band and orchestra, in the cast for "It Pays to Advertise," and also in classes. With regard to Latin and Greek, why, he is a walking commentary. Well liked here, "Tony," will be well liked everywhere.

ALBERT A. WUEST
"Pop"

Next in the limelight is our Chemistry "shark," Albert Wuest. Some men are gifted with an abundance of talents and neglect to use them, but "Al," with the measure that has been given him, succeeds beautifully. Our classmate from Norwood, Ohio, is a hard worker, and, though his profits are many, they are a result of incessant study. His musical ability is displayed in the orchestra and in the choir. "Al" is the chief assistant to our Chemistry professor, and we look forward to see him some day in that same profession.

High School

THOMAS J. CONNOLLY
"Tom"

He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows.

Hobby: Probing into the mysteries of mathematics.
Class football, '24.
Newman Club, '25, '26.
Executive Committee, '26.

WILLIAM J. GIBBONS
"Gib"

Not content that former worth stand fast,
He looks forward, persevering to the last.
Hobby: Playing a cornet.
Class football, '25.
Band, '25.
Newman Club, '25, '26.

MICHAEL G. HNAT
"Mike"

If an unexpected call succeed
Come when it will, he is equal to the need.
Hobby: Studying Greek.
Class football, '24, '25.

Class basketball, '25, '26.
Newman Club, '25, '26.

CHARLES M. JESSICO
"Chuck"

A rare combination so I heard tell
An excellent scholar and athlete as well.

Hobby: Being willing.
Class football, '24, '25.
Football Captain, '25.
Class basketball, '25, '26.
Class baseball, '26.
Newman Club, '25, '26.
Executive committee, '26.
Vice-President, '26.

ROBERT B. KOCH
"Bob"

Still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Hobby: Playing cowboy.
Class football, '24, '25.
Class baseball, '26.
Band, '25.
Orchestra, '25.
Choir, '25, '26.
Newman Club, '25, '26.
Executive committee, '25.
Treasurer, '26.
Secretary graduating class, '26.

FRANCIS H. MATHEW
"Issy"

Describe him who can; an abridgment

Of all that is pleasant in man.
Hobby: Girls.
Class football, '24, '25.
Band, '24.
Orchestra, '23, '24.
Newman Club, '25, '26.
Executive committee, '25, '26.

LAWRENCE J. MATTINGLY
"Larry"

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.
Hobby: Arguing.
Newman Club, '25, '26.
Marshal, '26.

ORVILLE E. OCKULY
"Doc"

Not bold, not shy, not short, not tall,
But a real combination of them all.
Hobby: Sheiking up.
Turners, '23.
Choir, '25.
Newman Club, '25, '26.

ROBERT T. PARTEE
"Sparky"

His only books were women's looks,
And folly's all they taught him.
Hobby: Playing a banjo.
Class football, '24, '25.
Newman Club, '25, '26.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE

R. D. '26

The usual custom of visiting bat-infested caves, witches, and divers other soothsayers has been tried and found wanting. A new mode of procedure shall therefore be tried to obtain this magical key to the future.

It is Christmas afternoon. The wind outside howls loudly, scattering the snowflakes hither and thither. The fire inside roars merrily, as I sit lounging comfortable in a big rocker. The delicate aroma of my cigar gently scents the room. It is, indeed, a golden opportunity for phantasy.

My thoughts gradually turn towards my absent classmates. Deeper and deeper I sink into the trance.

New York rises in the background. Like a meteor, my thoughts carry me toward it. At last, familiar Broadway presents itself. Tall buildings all around amaze me. The spire of Trinity Church is dwarfed by massive business palaces. I stroll down the street. A street-cleaner, the familiar "white-wing," greets my eye. A striking resemblance stirs my blood. A second look—ah! it is my former friend and classmate, Harry Estadt. Utilizing the experience gained at St. Joe, Harry has secured a position as one of the elite of the white-wings.

By degrees, the scene changes. New York, like a ship out at sea, disappears under the horizon, and instead, a large cemetery appears. A death has seemingly occurred, for a man, busily engaged with pick and spade, is digging a grave. Slowly but surely the hole deepens and takes on its own peculiar form. At length the man emerges; the grave is finished. He turns toward me and with an exclamation of surprise, I recognize him. It is Desmond Moore!

Again I wander. Crossed is the mighty Pacific, and quaint China lifts its head. The mighty river, Yangtze, filled with shipping greets my view. In the foreground, lies a picturesque Chinese junk. The bearded master of the junk is contentedly sunning himself; an old corn-cob pipe hangs from his mouth in a haphazard mode. A large sign in Chinese proclaims that the vessel is a ferry. A stranger enters and seats himself. With usual oriental diffidence, the master prepares to weigh anchor, when, behold! a sudden gust of wind tears the bogus-beard from his face. And who stands there

but Joseph Bechtold clothed in the curious garb of the East. "O Fate, strange are thy ways!"

Back in the United States once more. The new Madison Square Garden is aglow with light. Big headlines proclaim that Jack Dempsey is defending his heavyweight crown. Joe Smith, the aggressive challenger, in consequence of victories over leading contenders, has earned the right to meet the champion. The preliminaries are over; Dempsey and Smith are already in the ring receiving the referee's final instructions. The gong peals, the fight is on. Who can forget the first four hectic rounds? Fast and furious, neither man is able to place the killing blow. The fifth arrives. The first minute is terrible. Then, a left to the heart followed by a terrific right to the jaw, and the champion is down and out. Youth again must be served. The crown is shifted. Frank Achberger, alias Joe Smith, is the world's new heavyweight champion!

The famous Woolworth building looms into view. Its fifty imposing stories tower up as if to exhibit an easy ascent to heaven. Elevators steadily run up and down. I enter one and am gently wafted to higher regions. Leaving the car, I turn for a last glimpse at the conductor. Here, standing in trim uniform, is Francis Schwendeman, President of Class '26 at St. Joe. He always was one to give the fellows a lift.

The top of the Woolworth building seems to be getting a new coat of paint. A thick network of ropes encircles the dome. A solitary workman is busily swinging a brush. As he turns and looks down, he makes himself known. Albert Scheiber, the Tiffin Steeple-jack, has a contract to paint the Woolworth building. He is now at the top of his profession.

Chicago, with its variegated sky-line, rises above the surrounding plains. South State Street now exhibits itself. Little Italian boys are playing with negro boys; the artificial notion of race superiority has not yet tainted their youthful minds. Above the din of the surrounding traffic, the sounds of a wheezy grind organ are heard ever advancing nearer and nearer. Occasionally a little ditty is heard melodiously (?) blending with the groaning of the instrument. At last

the cause rounds the corner. The familiar street musician with his monkey is touring the city. Shouting with glee, fighting for choice positions, the youngsters gather around while the "organist" delights them with his music and his monkey. The usual finale comes with the passing of the hat. The returns are exceedingly meagre. With a grieved look, Anthony Schilling, taking up his organ and companion, noisily wends his way to a more promising location.

South State Street fades. St. Joe's south side studyhall appears. The students are pouring over their books while the prefect is busily engaged with blue prints. The prefect looks up to investigate a slight disturbance. And who would think it possible; Cornelius Dobmeyer, now Brother Casper, when not engaged in the prefecture or rest, is perfecting his perpetual motion machine.

A delapidated wagon, drawn by a still more delapidated plug, attracts my attention to the Jackson Highway. I follow both, as they enter Rensselaer. The rag-man, mute until now, breaks out with the time-worn song. "Any rags, any bones, any bottles today," sung to the tune of "Bananas." By that raspy voice, I recognize Gerard Uhrich!

St. Joe returns to view. The "pillery" is still there with its inviting (?) array of beds. A student comes in and rings the bell. With a sound as of a tornado, the infirmarian comes roaring down the stairs. And such a shock. Alphonse Siefker S. P. (Student Prince) holds the enviable position of iodine dauber.

My thoughts now carry me to the little village of New Haven. A sign, "New Haven Pioneer," hung on a ramshackle building swings in the wind. I enter and behold the editor, business manager, editorial staff and cartoonist, all in one, sitting at his desk. A proof of the weekly lies open before him. He reads one of his salient remarks and a wide grin overshadows his face. By that grin, Norbert Stechschulte establishes himself as "Ye Editor."

The scene changes*****

Then the shovel broke.

Professors often strain the quality of mercy at exam time.



SENIOR LEAGUE VICTORS



Boone, (Coach), Fecher, Hans, Gerlach, Uecker, Wuest E., Scharrer, Foltz C., Issenmann, (Capt.), Gobel, Neidert, (Mgr.).

Senior Rag Goes to Fifths

	Standing		
	Won	Lost	Pct.
Fifths	4	0	1.000
Sixths	2	1	.677
Fourth	2	1	.667
Thirds	1	3	.250
Seconds	0	4	.000
Sixths vs. Fourth	Tie game, 3-3.		

The fighting Fifths, displaying the same spirit and clean sportsmanship as they did in the realms of basketball, copped the pennant in the Senior Baseball League. They won four games and lost none. Their record is due to a great extent to the untiring efforts of Coach Dan Boone, who also, by the way, did some very fine pitching. He allowed but three hits in the two games during which he was on the mound. The remainder of the team was made up of the following players:

Bill Neidert, manager and first baseman, was especially strong when playing at the initial corner. Bill

hits but rarely, but when he does hit, the old apple generally gets a pretty long ride out of the experience given it.

Gerlach at second is an old timer at the game. Norb played errorless ball this season and hung up an enviable record at the bat.

Scharrer at short and Foltz at third were also great assets to the Fifths' Fighting Nine. Their timely hits aided much in helping the team remain at the top of the column.

Andy Fecher, as backstop, was always on the job. Rarely was a passed ball chalked up against him. He tops the batting list, which fact shows that he is no mean wielder of the ash pole.

Greg Gobel's appearance in the box, when a game was called, meant much to the Fifths' rooting team. They know his value as a hurler and have always given him their loyal support. With two such pitchers, as Boone and Greg have proven to be, we feel certain that almost any team could win a baseball pennant.

Wuest, Issenman, Uecker and Hans constituted the outfield. Due to efficient pitching their chances were

but few. Several chances, however, were given them, and, as no errors are marked against them, we conclude favorably regarding their ability as players in the National Game.

FOURTHS LOSE TO FIFTHS IN CLOSE CONTEST.

The Fourths came very near upsetting the Fifths' hopes for the baseball pennant when they threatened to beat them in the final game of the league. At the beginning of the contest it looked as if Connor, pitching for the Fourths, was to be driven from the mound by the consistent hitting of the opponents. However, Len settled down to some real pitching and when the game ended the score stood 4 to 3, with the Fifths leading.

Fecher started the scoring with a home run in the first inning. Foltz duplicated this feat in the second frame and in the third, Scharrer tripled and Wuest singled. The remainder of the eleven hits were all singles. All went well and the Fourths were held scoreless until the fatal fifth inning. Dreiling, Hartman, Jessico and Connor singled and all reached home except Connor.

Then it was that the Fifths' rooters began getting a trifle nervous and skeptical as to the outcome of the game, but Heiman and Denka then struck out and Dreiling flied out to Gerlach.

THIRDS NOSE OUT SECONDS.

The Seconds, playing rather ragged ball, were defeated by the Thirds by the narrow margin of 4 to 3; an error on the part of the catcher gave the Thirds the winning tally. Barge allowed but seven hits and Dreiling ten. The Thirds were the first to score; Hartke tripled to left and later scored. In the Seconds' half of the first inning Dreiling and Kayser scored. The Thirds were then

GETTERS—GO AND GOAT.

(Continued from page 9)

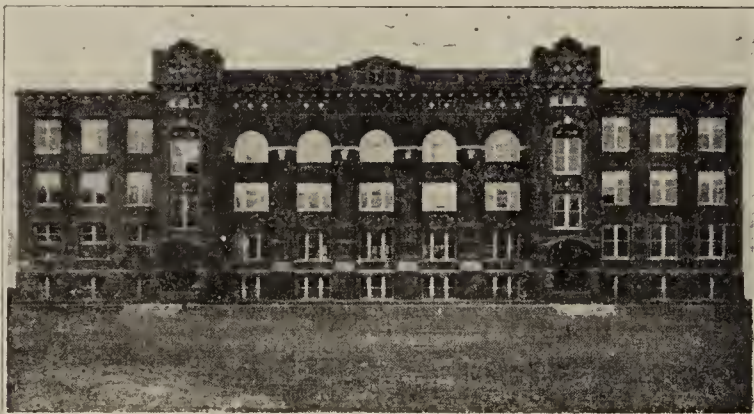
and divers types of these brutes, but the most common and most irritating of them all is the fellow that all of us are familiar with—the nickel-nurser. You know the kind—that wouldn't pay two bits to shake hands with Alexander the Great if he were to be suddenly and miraculously resurrected. No siree, Joe! When it comes to "handing out" money these tightwads are as fast to open the old pocket book as an unarmed man is to waltz up to a hungry grizzly bear and slap it in the face; but when it comes to gathering in the wandering pennies,

noted for his Go-Getting Goat-Getting ability, renowned for his brilliant wit, loved for his big-hearted, unselfish treatment of all who petitioned his charity, remembered and revered for his charming manners and gentle chivalry. You remember the gentleman, eh? Well, John Daniel II is all that the lion-hearted, Irish patriot ever was; and although that sarcastic cutting tongue of his very frequently causes you to see "red", you never can get angry enough to strangle him. I know that I've sometimes felt like putting ground glass in his coffee but "shure thought I" that would only make his tongue the "sharper."

Goat-Getting Go-Getters are another thing altogether. Besides being countrified "rum-dums" these would-be Valentinos give my aesthetic sense a severe jolt. You invariably run across them in cheap dance halls, usually in the act of handing a giggling, "I think I look like Bebe Daniels," a line that would make the famous Baron Munchausen, were he still alive, blush for shame and start writing "true" stories. If you listened closely you would probably hear something of this sort: "Say, sister, where do you park your toothbrush? I opine that you're easy to look upon, and if you promise to have a good meal I'll drop around for supper Sunday next. Afterwards we'll take in the Bijou or, if it suits you better, we'll play Romeo vs. Juliet on the back porch till the curfew sounds. So, if you're dated up with some other boob for Sunday eve be sure and give him the gate."

Can you imagine a girl falling for a line like that? Especially these egotistic, sophisticated, red-hot, Twentieth Century flappers? Can you imagine her smiling graciously upon the "false alarm", I have quoted above? It's hard to believe such unkind things about our modern American Beauty. But it's undeniably true. Oh, Michael! these women—oh! these women!

Well, fellows, after getting the "low-down" on the "Getters" which are you going to be, a likable Go-Getter or a detestable Goat-Getter? If you feel that you are on the road to being a dandy example of the latter, put your foot on the brakes and throw "her" in reverse. However, if on the other hand you think you are traveling in the other set, "sit-tight", throw the throttle in high and God speed you on the road of Life. Cornelius Flynn, '29.



GYMNASIUM

held scoreless until the fifth inning when Barge crossed the plate after having doubled to center field. Huzvar brought in the final run for the Seconds in the second inning; Abela brought in the tying run in the sixth inning, for the Thirds, and Hoyng scored the winning run a minute later.

The Seconds are thus undisputed holders of the cellar position. Their management and team were both good, but a lack of team work and real spirit characterized all their games.

SECONDS ARE SHUT OUT BY FIFTHS.

The Seconds lost another game; this time to the Fifths. Dan Boone allowed but two hits while six hits were collected off of Dreiling. The Fifths were held scoreless until the fourth inning when Neidert, Issenmann and Scharrer crossed the plate in rapid succession. Twelve men were struck out by Boone and nine by Dreiling. In this game the Fifths demonstrated their ability as base stealers; a total of nine bases being marked up to their credit.

these babies, so hesitant before, suddenly become as busy as an armless bartender at an old time barbecue picnic. They hold on to a nickel until the buffalo sits down, and when they do invest a dollar they holler like Dickens if it doesn't bring in more money than the Denver Mint has coined since the Liberty Bell was cracked. In a word, they're the exact duplicates of Dickens' Scrooge before that gentleman learned his lesson. I'd get a thrill out of knocking these "Johnnies" as cold as a polar bear's nose—but what good would it do? "You can't make a leopard change his spots," is a time-worn phrase. Well, I maintain, neither can you make a nickel-nurser change his habits. If, when after death they present themselves at the Pearly Gates, St. Peter should tell them that the admission was thirty-five cents, I'll bet they'd take a tighter clutch on the old purse and take the other road "down."

I have a cousin, named John Daniel O'Connell, a direct descendant of the famous Daniel, Irish liberator, on his father's side. You've all heard of the noble Daniel O'Connell,

LAST BEQUESTS

We, the graduates of St. Joe—city of Collegeville—county of Jasper—state of Indiana, being of sound mind, generous disposition, and free will, do hereby will and bequeath to the designated parties (i. e., all the inmates of St. Joe) our best regards, thanks, commiserations, and, above all, our loyal spirit in obeying the rules. As executor we unanimously appoint Professor Tonner.

Item: To Clarence Issenman, Gabriel Brenkus bequeaths his job as choir director; he gives to Eugene Wuest his lead in seniority; to Raymond Thieman and his heirs forever he has bequeathed his sprightliness, and to Bozo Keane his tenor voice and baritone.

Item: Robert Baird hereby gives to Walter Junk the job of lawn-master. William Neidert is to receive three-fourths of his judicial and executive abilities. To Cletus Gates go all his cornet solos. He bequeaths his chest to Albert Frericks.

Item: To Lawrence Schmieder, the apple of his eye, George Kraft gives his picture. His tennis racket goes to Richard Rauth, and his Greek knowledge to Thomas Coleman. Cletus Foltz is to inherit George's swing, his New York dialect, and his dramatic abilities.

Item: Theodore Rath bequeaths to Joseph Scharrer his golden hair; his athletic abilities to William Friemoth; his jerk to Kenneth Hans and his sanguinic disposition to Boss Elder.

Item: Frank Laudick is to inherit Anthony Walz's delight in smoking and his abilities with a card deck. Othmar Missler shall succeed him as book-slinger on the third floor—north end of the Gymnasium. Anthony Walz bequeaths his best wishes to the candy store and to the refectory. On June 5th, he shall unhitch all his ponies and install them in Gregory Gobel's desk.

Item: To Lawrence Shubnell, Ambrose Newton bequeaths his super-abundant hair. To Norbert Gerlach, he bequeaths his tenor voice and slender form. Thomas Coleman is to receive Newton's ability with the pipe and card deck. His place in the Palace Theater—Rensselaer, Ind.—shall from Sept., 1926, be held by Nicholas Capra.

Item: Francis Fleming shall receive all of Eugene Luckey's surplus tobacco and his moderation in

the use thereof. He shall be given Luckey's prefect job. To Hugo Ulrich, Luckey bequeaths his "unique" disposition, and to Cajetan Georgio, he bequeaths his pitching abilities and dramatic instinct.

Item: To his brother Eugene, Albert Wuest bequeaths all the mail and packages from his home, from September, 1926, to September, 1927. (Only those pieces of mail and packages addressed to Collegeville, Ind.). He gives to Gregory Gobel his craving for bran and brown bread; and to Ernest Gallagher, he gives a window pole, pneumatic shoes, and a good raking.

Item: To Marcellus Foltz, Max Herber bequeaths his appetite and his office as captain of the Board

bequeaths to Francis Schweitzer the supervision of the orchard. His musical abilities and all-round physique to Bill Meyer. Robert's Rules of Order and a hymn book go to Joseph Reitz. His nocturnal snore he bequeaths to the Victor Record Co.

Item: Joseph Biegler bequeaths to Joseph Hartman his pass on the Lake-Shore Limited—"The 10:36"; his manly beard to John Stroempl; his plugging ability to Frank Uecker; a bar of Sayman's soap and a Montgomery Catalogue to Carl Nieset. Finally he bequeaths to the College General Library, a revised copy of the "De Profundis."

ANTHONY J. WALZ,
Attorney at Law.

Witnesses:
J. Ambrose Newton,
Alphonse J. Siefker. (Seal).



CHAPEL

Wielders. To Joseph Dayberry, Max gives his best regards, and gives his smile and solemn nose to Cletus Foltz.

Item: Max Diller, alias Jumbo, bequeaths to Herbert Kramer a radio, scientific knowledge, a pair of pincers and a step ladder. His trunk he gives to Joseph Paulo. To Nicholas Capra, he bequeaths one-tenth of his humor, and to Paul Russell his Sears & Roebuck straight-blade razor—valued at \$1.25.

Item: Cletus Dirksen gives to Frank Laudick his beautiful baritone voice and his nervous disposition. To Paul Russell and Charles Flahie he bequeaths his knock-out punch. To Flahie, exclusively, does he give his early-rising habit, and to Amato, exclusively, does he give his renowned pose and attention in Greek class.

Item: Be it hereby known that Martin B. Adelman, alias "Porky."

HEIMAN TAKES ESSAY MEDAL.

In a very close contest, in which one point decided the winners of the first and second awards, "Shakespeare, the Dramatic Artist," by Casper Heiman, took first honors. Francis Schwendeman's essay, "The Church and the Immigrant," was awarded second place; "The Tragedy of Marie Antoinette," by Edward Siegman, received third place; and "Man's Debt to His Maker," by Vincent Yusas, took fourth place. Due to the delay in returning the essays, it was impossible to print the winning essay in the CHEER.

Johnny: Yep, ma's sick. Something's the matter with her throat.

Lady: That's odd. She was all right when I visited her yesterday.

Johnny: So you're the cause of it, eh? Ma always said you gave her a pain in the neck.

A Fish Story

We never placed a great amount of faith in the usual method of catching snipes, but we are willing to try our luck at that seemingly impossible sport, if John Brenner's latest method of catching frogs is sound. To hunt frogs, according to friend John, all the equipment necessary is several pounds of lead shot. When a frog is discovered peacefully sunning itself, all that is to be done is to throw these shots at it, one by one. Of course the frog will swallow these shots which it mistakes for insects, etc. Finally the frog will have so much lead swallowed that it cannot jump. So it is very easy to pick up the heavy frog, empty out the shots, and repeat the performance on the next adult tadpole that makes its whereabouts known.

Rensselaer X-Ray Laboratory

X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHS
X-RAY TREATMENTS

I. M. Washburn, M. D.
C. E. Johnson, M. D.

We Ourselves the Better
Serve

Who Serves Others Best
Hotel Makeever

The Progressive Shoe Repair Shop

THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN

Best Of Leather

Rubber Heels

SHOE
POLISH

G. W. KNAUR

SHOE
LACES

"The New Klondike"

"The New Klondike," featuring Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee, was shown in the auditorium on Wednesday evening, May 19th. Needless to say, the students were much surprised and very well pleased to have the opportunity of witnessing their favorite actor in one of his latest productions. The interest shown in "The New Klondike" rivals that which was shown during the other high class productions which were flashed on the local screen during the past year.

AN EXPECTED INCIDENT.

The meal is ended, and everyone is engaged in devoutly giving thanks for receiving food and drink. At the conclusion of the prayers, a chair being pulled across the floor causes a noise that attracts attention. All eyes turn in the direction of the noise only to behold Boss Elder ready to begin the meal anew.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

Several years ago, a so-called mesmerist was putting on a performance in a small New York town. In the middle of the evening the hypnotized said to the hypnotist, "Say, I'm not going to do this much longer unless you give me another dollar." The fakir immediately left town on a rail.

Visitor: Does Mr. Swiggelheimer live here?

Wife: Yes, bring him in.

Blue Birds Fly Away With Ack Flag

Since there were only two teams in the Academic League, the managers decided to play a five game series to determine the winner. The first game went to the Blue Birds, 9 to 6. In the second game both teams were determined to win. For a while it looked as though the Blue Birds were going to have an easy victory, but the Wockels staged a rally and by bringing in eight runs in one inning, won the game, 9 to 7. This, however, proved to be the only game in which victory crowned the efforts of the Wockels. The next two games were very interesting at times, but in both, the Blue Birds succeeded in obtaining the heavier end of the score. Pat Galliger did some fine hurling for the Wockels, and Basil Beckman, as catcher, allowed comparatively few balls to pass him. Sal Foltz and Herb Kramer formed the battery for the Blue Birds. Many times Sal pitched himself out of tight places, and Herb, besides catching excellently, handled the bat in a very creditable manner.

FAMOUS DOGS:

A _____'s life.

_____gerel.

A mad _____.

A hot _____.

Brown's _____s.

Putting on the _____.

Lap _____s.

Chief: Have you caught the burglar yet?

Cop: No, but I've got him so scared that he doesn't dare show himself when I'm around.

Reformer: Remember, son, you'll never get anywhere by drinking.

Inebriate: Yesh, I've sthorted home from thish corner shix times already.

CANDY

ICE CREAM

Wright Brothers

TOBACCO

LUNCH

CRACKS AND CRACKERS

By WOOFIE GOOFIE

Modern Prodigal: Father, I came home to die.

Papa: Nay, nay, my child, you came home to eat.

Twentieth century rustic: Yes, I make hay while the "son" shines.

Friemoth: I see you have a bad cold.

Zulu: Well, I quit blowing about it.

Who remembers the famous All-Star team of basketball season?

Mathew: My girl's father threw another party last night.

Gibbons: Was it for you?

Mathew: No, it was me.

Stores don't handle shoes small enough for Blase Brown or large enough for Basil Beckman. 'Sfact!

Sal Foltz: I don't know whether to become a painter or a poet.

Bill Neidert: I would advise you to become a poet.

Sal: Why, have you read any of my poems?

Bill: No, but I've seen your paintings.

The cullum feels deeply indebted to Bozo, Butch, Hotsocks and Squire for furnishing it with so much excellent material.

What are your pet antipathies? If you haven't two or more, the cullum would suggest its favorites: Greek irregular verbs, early rising, and Airdales.

"That's nothing to what I did once. I rode on a boat that had fourteen decks and no bottom. The captain was a big man, measuring three feet

between the eyes. For breakfast the crew usually had flapjacks fried on a football gridiron—."

Question: Who is speaking? Answer: Al Scheiber.

Nero must have been a hot jazz player.

Dan Boone is quite a linguist—claims he can refer any umpire to torrid regions in seven different languages.

Prefect: Is that your cigarette butt?

Webber: Go ahead, you saw it first.

He: Do you believe in spirits?

She: No, but Daddy does.

An aviator stays high in the world for he never forgets himself when he's up in the air.

The cullum can't close up for the season without making one more crack at Amato's beard. The censor of the mail has inquired about what Amato is going to do with that pair of tin snips he ordered.

Goodbye, gentle readers. The cullum hopes that you will enjoy your vacation to the utmost.

Vale.

WOOFIE GOOFIE.

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Policeman (to professor who had witnessed an accident): You say you saw the accident, sir. What was the number of the car that knocked this boy down?

Professor: I'm afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by itself, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed.

"Say, boss," cried a dark-skinned customer, rushing into a store, "a no 'count man has threatened mah life. Ah graves protection."

"How about a bullet-proof vest?" asked the man behind the counter.

"Wuthless, plumb wuthless! Ain't you got no razor-proof collahs?"

Young lady to Duthy Green: Wasn't that a good story, Joseph?

Duthy: Bah Jove! That was bally fine. Now, some time you will have to explain it to me, won't you?

Bisig: What's the technical word for snoring?

Miles: I'll bite.

Bisig: Sheet music.

Sid: Got any dry herring?

Butcher: Yes, why?

Sid: Give them a drink.

**Let's Have a
Horse Laugh**

Some fellows around here ride nightmares at night and hire ponies in the daytime—and then they get 'horsey' about it.

Why do we call a locomotive an iron horse?

Because it "stalls" every once in a while on the "mane" track.

The night after the big raid in the studyhall somebody said, "My pony got away—the stable's empty and only a saddle left."

In a meeting of the sixth class a certain question was to be voted on, and the chairman called for yeas and nays. All the members voted yea, but Horse Luckey nayed—"neighed."

Al Wuest recently said that he busted a gut trying to play his viola—Easy Pop.

A young Dutchman went to a priest's house to supper. There was corn on the table, and since Dutchy wanted some—says he—"Corn—fadder."

Hopeless Case—A Prof. fishing for Greek sharks in a school of bullheads. His tackle is a line (the usual kind) with all kinds of hooks on it,—for bait he has a can of "spiritus aspers," which he finds at night in Xenophon's literary field.

A. W. '26

Mother: Now, don't feed the elephant any more peanuts, Norbert.

Little Norbert: Yes, mamma, I think he's full now, too.

"Miss Dense, allow me to present Professor Bright."

"Oh, professor, please do something absent-minded."

Fair One: Isn't football hard work.

Dan: Oh, no, just one play after another.

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BRANDY.

(With apologies to Wordsworth)
He dwelt among the trodden ways,
In the good old days of yore.
A drink whom all were sure to praise;
They always wanted more.

A bright fresh drop, some sunny day,
It always touched the spot.
Cool as a spring, when far away,
Perchance in the desert hot!

He lived well known, and all could
know.
When BRANDY ceased to be,
But he is in his grave, and, oh,
The difference to me.

Westie: Have you any shelled
corn?

Waiter: Yes, why?

Westie: Then you'd better take
these eggs out and feed them.

In Australia people are making
automobile fuel out of molasses, ac-
cording to a news item. That doesn't
sound like it would help solve the
problem of starting a car on a cold
morning.

Bobby: "You say, Mama, that the
new baby is a Christmas gift from
the angels?"

Mama: "Yes, dear."

Bobby: "Well, if we lay her away
carefully and don't use her, can we
give her to somebody else next
Christmas?"

Bread may be the staff of life,
but a long sleep is life itself.

People laugh at the fool things
you try to do until they discover
that you are making money out of
them.

It is possible that there would be
less crime in this country of ours
if prisoners were given a little less
rope of one kind and more of au-
other.

Customer: I want some under-
wear.

Clerk: How long?

Customer: Darn ye, I want to
keep them!

Tiddy Boone threatens to exting-
uish the optical illuminators of
anyone he catches on the basketball
floor without gym shoes.

English Prof.: Who was Shake-
spere's wife?

Pups: Anne Haderway.

Prof.: Maybe she did.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The only defective part in an au-
tomobile nowadays is the nut that
holds the steering wheel.

Order is heaven's first law; and
this confessed

Some are and must be greater than
the rest. —Pope.

A dewdrop of the darkness born,
In whom no shadow lies.
—Father Tabb.

Our tainted nature's solitary
hoast.—Wordsworth.

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The Campfire

What joy one feels while looking at a campfire! To see it from afar lighting up the evening sky and the surrounding country; to see the shadows of the children as they romp playfully around the burning embers; to watch the elders as they gayly chatter and mingle their pealing laughter with that of the happy youths and send it ringing merrily into the nearby woods whence comes back only a hollow echo; to smell the burning wood as it sends its sweet incense from the altar of the vernal gods—all this we enjoy immensely. Then to hear the sputtering of apples and the cracking of nuts does the onlooker's heart good, though it appeals still more to the merry picnickers, for this kind of recreation creates a hearty appetite. When the meal is over, still more branches are heaped onto the glowing coals, and the roaring flame once more illumines the surrounding landscape. Ere long nothing is left but the dying embers. While the party stands thoughtfully looking on, the last sparks turn to ashes,—the campfire has died out.

R. L. '28

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